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One Line	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$7.50
Two Lines	1.25	2.50	3.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	25.00
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Four Lines	2.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	40.00
Five Lines	2.50	5.00	7.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00
Six Lines	3.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00
Seven Lines	3.50	7.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	50.00
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Nine Lines	4.50	9.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00
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THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE

BIBLE STUDY COURSE.

There is a course of study designed for
Bible study.These courses include what the new
Scripture teacher has been

That eternal everlasting love

Was mostly in our eyes

That causes dead, if they die

Can have another life

He has another a second life

From this world we go

The little ones like me

He will have his life restored

We watched his life until he died

And tried to do well

Part of the time he kept us poor

And we were poor

An old man had us

If I never live to him

At the time of his life

Was only just a while

Was the beginning of his life

The little ones like me

For what fun it is to be

To be with him

But I am still here

Last night I was born again

The heaven I looked toward

A lot of people there

I am now a child again

I am now a child again</div

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning - December 31, 1880.

WHEN JACK CAME HOME.

Polly had married Jack. Jack left the sea, and Polly was an old sailor's daughter. And when they were married, the two went to house-keeping in the euninest little house

an old canal boat drawn safely ashore; with a chimney built in it, and all things arranged for house-keeping; the mason lathed and plastered two rooms; the carpenter made a dresser, and Jack built the euninest little brick range. There they lived like a couple of turtle doves until Jack took his first voyage.

"Don't look so wretched, Polly," said Jack, as he stood with his hands over his shoulder, unable to take his arm from his wife's waist.

"Oh, I feel wretched, Jack," said Polly. "How do I know what may happen, what storms or accidents there may be; and it's a long voyage, and it may be that you'll meet someone you'd like better than you do me, and be sorry you married poor Polly."

"No, my dear," I may go to the bottom of the ocean, or die of Yellow Fever, but I swear to you that what ever else may happen to Jack, he'll be true to Polly. I never cared for any other woman before and never will. You believe that, Polly?"

"Yes, Jack," said she, and gave him one smile, and then ran away, taking it with him for luck. And Polly was alone at home, and when the parrot, swinging in the big tin cage, cawed and squawked and called out, "Poor Polly," she used to look up and say:

"Speak for two of us, Polly, now that Jack is away."

Jack hadn't a chance to write many letters. When he could send one he did. They were very funny letters to look at, inside and out, but they were very precious to Polly, and she saved them in a little box of dry rose leaves, and read them over and over again.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on well with their wives, and the wives with their husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when not riding or driving carries a tan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theatre or opera, but when the circus comes to town is seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrian skill. She has her own riding establishment, and here she reigns supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes. She has a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she can sleep if she feels so disposed, and where she frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

Maud Granger, the actress, has given a stage secret to St. Louis reporter. "Although dressing for the society drama is expensive," she said, "the cost has been greatly exaggerated. If an actress has good taste she can, by making new combinations of colors and style, make a very good dress go a long way. Last season I wore in 'The Galley Slave' a dress much admired, which was mainly composed of a garment which I wore in a long-forgotten play written by Mrs. Sheridan Shock for my debut in New York some years ago. No one would imagine the vamping and revamping on that dress. It might tell an interesting story of ups and downs in the theatrical world."

"I'm a friend of Jack Braggan's," said the woman, "aren't you going to make me in?"

"Oh, certainly, ion'un," said Polly, "any friend of Jack's is a friend of mine."

And though she felt sorry that a stranger should come to be present when Jack first arrived, she meant it. She motioned the woman into the room, and set the big Boston rocking-chair for her.

"A friend of Jack's is a friend of mine," she said, "and if I knew the name—"

"My name is Braggan," said the woman, "and you're sure, Polly Price, that my friend of Jack's is a friend of yours?"

"I'm named Braggan, too, for the matter of that," said Polly, "and as I said, his friend is my friend, and his enemy is my enemy."

Polly, my girl," said the woman. "I'm rather too dear a friend of Jack's to be yours too. In his first wife, "We were one long before he ever came from England to marry you; and I've been with him ever since he left you. He thinks more of me than he does of anybody else, and if I was to die, he'd die too. That I swear to!"

Polly started to her feet, and retreated to the end of the room.

"What a frightful story!" she said; "I don't think I believe it. Jack never cared for a woman before he fell in love with me. As for being married, I should be crazy to think that. Go out of the house. Go away!"

"Ah, go away ch'!" said the woman. "You expect Jack, today, don't you. I've seen him already. I ate breakfast with him this morning. Don't believe me, oh? Why here's the ring you gave him, and that I've got now. Look!" And she held it out. "And here's the look of your hair, set in a scarfpin, that he said, he'd never part with. Go away? No, I'm going to stay and live with Jack in this house. Isn't his lawful wife a right to stay?"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Polly, tossing her arms about. "It's the ring and its the locket, but that proves nothing. Maybe you're robbing my Jack! Maybe he's dead, but you can't make me think him false! The ship may have come, but Jack's heart is true to Polly."

"And you don't believe I'm his first wife?" asked the woman. "No, no, no. I don't" said Polly. "If Jack tells me so himself, I'll believe it—not else."

And then the woman got up and came toward her. And what was the grand sight, and they climbed the mountain side. Soon, he says, as the fog gradually cleared off from the sides of the mountain, we saw a tremendous river of fire pouring down the steep sides. We could see it distinctly down the slope, till it ran into the big hawk, which had settled like a huge snow bed all over the lowlands. The fire was an intense white light, and was burning furiously downward. They then went toward Penn to see the molten rivers by night, and he adds, the moon set, and still it was light enough to see to run. Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant mountain head, and thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava. There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. The whole front edge, being about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and shrubs, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge. Then there were giant explosions, vast and terrible, as if the earth was being shattered by earthquakes, and all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half-way up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain. The next day the party crossed the old lava-holes for about 1,000 feet. Not twenty feet distant was this immense bed of lava slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense bowlers of tons weight. The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another avalanche of white hot-rocks and sand. The mass was at its front edge from 12 to 30 feet in height. Along the whole line of its advance was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scoria. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring like ten thousand furnaces all at work at once.

Some fears of the safety of Hilo are still entertained, but the flow seems turning in another direction. Happily, no loss of life or valuable property has attended this outburst, and though it is impossible to foretell what may or may not occur. The volcano of Kilauea has already been reported at quiescent, and as the evening drew on, the gas nervous and anxious, and stood at the little door, looking up the road, when all of a sudden she saw a woman coming up the garden path, between the clam-shell borders that held in the lady slippers and marigolds, chin-astars and sunflowers.

It was an odd, foreign-looking woman, with a short dress, and a big shawl, and worsted mitts, and though it was summer, she had a large bouquet and a black lace veil on her head, and she marched straight up to Polly and nodded her head.

"You are Polly Price, I think, that married Jack Braggan?"

"I'm Jack Braggan's wife, Polly," said the young woman, "and what may you want of me, ma'am?"

"I'm a friend of Jack Braggan's," said the woman, "aren't you going to make me in?"

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Polly, my girl," said the woman. "I'm rather too dear a friend of Jack's to be yours too. In his first wife, "We were one long before he ever came from England to marry you; and I've been with him ever since he left you. He thinks more of me than he does of anybody else, and if I was to die, he'd die too. That I swear to!"

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